:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
So. Greece

hands moved busily to fill more sacks as the afternoon wore on. At five o'clock, when it was getting chilly once more with the setting of the sun, the girls would collect their brightly colored jackets and bundles from a tree where they hung and move down toward the mill to wait for next day's instructions and, incidentally, to have a further chat with friends.

"How many sacks did you fill today?"

"Oh, Maria and I picked 70 okas," which we learned was a fair average for medium-sized olives for two pickers.

"Yes, you picked larger olives today but we had to pick the small ones. That's why we got only 40 okas."

After hearing about the work for the following day the girls formed in groups and headed back home for a well-earned rest. This daily round lasts well into January in Southern Greece, with February being the end of the harvest farther north.

When the day's harvesting is done, the focus of attention shifts to the mill. Somewhat against their will, the men who have been working in the warm air inside are asked to go out and gather the sacks the girls have left under the trees. These are tied onto pack animals and brought into the mill, each sack having been identified by the girl filling it as to whether its olives were from the tree or from the ground.

The peasants, whose womenfolk have been harvesting their own trees during the day, bring their olives to the mill, weigh them in, empty the bags into the place allotted each person, and then hang around for a chat with the mill workers and with the other peasants who show up. Here the day's news is exchanged to the accompaniment of barking dogs, the noisy impatience of donkeys and horses, and the cries of a small child perched precariously on a wooden saddle which formerly had been carrying the bags of olives. If the men in the mill have stopped for their evening meal, the peasant may have a drink with them. Eventually he will ask: "When do you think you'll get to my batch of olives?"

"About one o'clock tomorrow, for we have some real ripe olives that Panagiotes just brought in which must be pressed before they turn rancid. Hey, Panagiotes, why didn't you bring these olives two days ago? They are already beginning to turn." In reply to the foreman, now running the mill instead of directing the work of the girls, Panagiotes gives some lame excuse about having to use his donkey to do some other kind of work, but agrees to be more careful in the days ahead.

The peasant who learns that his olives will have been pressed by one o'clock on the next day will probably arrive about noon and wait; he does not consider it good etiquette for him to watch the olives go through the various stages: the grinding into pulp by the big millstone, the putting of the pulp into the goat hair or jute "folders," the pressing of these folders under 150 pounds of pressure, the pulling out of the folders and their re-

1:Sanders Z-5A (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
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258 placement in a stack one at a time after three gallons of boiling water have [576] been poured over each, and the final subjection of the stack to 200 pounds of pressure. If the peasant carefully watched this while his olives were being [465] processed, it would show lack of trust in the honesty of the millowner, to whom he must give 10 percent of the oil before he takes the rest home to be stored in earthenware jars for later use or sale. When he comes for his [273] olives, the peasant will probably bring a gallon of wine to the workmen who drink to his health, saying "Kalaphagoto" (May it be well eaten). Later, 251 in visiting the homes of the villagers, I asked about the storage of the oil 262 and found that the big jars were kept in the storeroom with the hay and fodder. These jars were covered with a wooden lid. When I removed the lid I noticed a rancid odor quite different from the oil I had sampled during the pressing at the mill. "This oil has spoiled," I said, in my ignorance. "No, that is just right," I was told. "We want our oil to smell like oil," which was another way of saying that a certain degree of rancidness was considered most desirable.

465 And seeing in the home one of the young women who had been engaged in the harvesting a few weeks before, I asked how much she had earned. [245] Since she was a good worker, she had been given 1.5 okas (4.2 pounds) of oil per day for 42 days. When told how many dollars such an amount of pure olive oil would bring in America, her eyes opened wide and she said, "If only I had all of my oil in that many dollars I could start to build that house in Athens that I want for my dowry." The six or seven men that [258] work through the season in the mill are even better off, for they receive 2.5 okas of oil per day as wages, and the foreman gets 3 okas; in addition, their food is usually provided by either the millowner or the peasant producers who bring their crop to be pressed.

241 The description of the distribution and utilization of arable land and 433 these encounters with the peasant at work show that the peasant is not 511 so self-subsistent as he used to be. He is more than a producer who uses only what he grows; he must also market his products to pay off his loan from the agricultural bank, which he incurred in order to get more equipment, good seed, or better livestock. He needs money for taxes, clothing, many food items, and other necessities such as kerosene and hardware. What he gets for the work he has done depends upon government credit and price policies, world markets, his adoption of efficient farm practices, and the marketing facilities set up near him.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Kalivi, Attica

were fed to the threshing machine by the girls, who were wearing goggles and what seemed to be gas masks to protect them from the dust. The women also were wiring the bales of straw which were taken away to be stacked. The president of the community told me:

> Anyone who wants to work signs up. Every fifteen days we put on a new crew so that quite a few people are employed and paid. We do have to keep a small permanent crew on the job throughout the threshing season, which lasts about sixty days, but almost every family has a chance to get some benefit. We only do the wheat belonging to the people of our community. We determine by lot the order in which a family's wheat is to be threshed. All the people bring their grain here, for we can thresh it much more cheaply than they could do it with animals.

We then went into the large olive-pressing plant, built in 1948, with a loan of about $30,000 from the Agricultural Bank, and learned how this part of the cooperative's business was conducted. We learned that each family's batch of olives, like its wheat, was processed separately and that it gave 8 percent of the oil to the cooperative, which is a standard amount taken by presses over Greece, plus an extra 3 percent contribution until the machinery is paid for. After that, it will have to pay only 4 instead of the customary 8 percent. When I noticed an icon in the pressing plant, the manager said that they asked the priest in to bless their work at the beginning of the season. Another man in the company remarked, "we like our religion, but we don't like our priests," a comment with which the others seemed to agree.

The more I learned about this cooperative in Kalivi, the more I realized what a shrewd investment the pasture land had been. The cooperative accumulates no money for itself but reinvests all profits into public works or special funds as determined by the directors of the cooperative. For example, a doctor is paid out of a cooperative philanthropic fund in return for looking after the poor of the community free of charge.

In addition to this general cooperative, to which all family heads belong, there are in Kalivi five other cooperatives. First, there is the credit cooperative explained to me as follows: "Since many people here have to depend upon the Agricultural Bank for loans, the credit cooperative gets the money for them and they do not have to make the contact themselves. If a local peasant wants sulphur or insecticides, the cooperative gets all that is needed. The individual then owes the cost to the cooperative. He pays no membership dues. Both men and women belong." It so happened that the president and the secretary of the community, plus three other people, made up the five-man executive committee of this credit cooperative.

Second, there is a livestock cooperative which the owners of the five thousand sheep in the community support. The members number forty,

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1
Kardamili

[Hill Villages]

animals; and before roads were built, these villages brought their surplus on donkey-back (or on the hoof) to Kardamili, where it was put on board a small ship, and carried either to Athens or to Kalamata, the local metropolis, some thirty-five miles away on the rich Messenian plain. In addition, an oil-pressing plant was constructed in 1929 in Kardamili which employed as many as a hundred persons at the height of the season. Even when there were no olives to press, the plant kept open the year around by making soap and other products.

This was the basis upon which about 750 people were able to make a living in the village before the war. In recent years, however, the village has not prospered. The oil factory closed down permanently in 1940, depriving the village of what had been one of its most important resources. After the war, a new road, built in 1949–50, destroyed the importance of the port. Instead of bringing their olives to Kardamili on donkey-back and selling them there, the peasants of the hinterland loaded their produce directly onto trucks bound for Kalamata or Athens.

The new system was an obvious improvement on older methods of transport and marketing; but it meant that Kardamili, which for a few years between the wars had struggled toward becoming a miniature town, was compelled to sink back to a purely village status. One manifestation of this change is a decrease in population. In 1940, the village had about 750 inhabitants; in 1956 the population totaled only 512. War losses were insignificant, although guerrillas did kill two persons from the village. The whole community was forcibly evacuated to Kalamata in 1949 to prevent its exploitation by guerrilla bands that ranged even this far south. The evacuation was perhaps scarcely justified, however, since the guerrillas never again came near, and when the villagers returned in 1950 they found their houses intact.